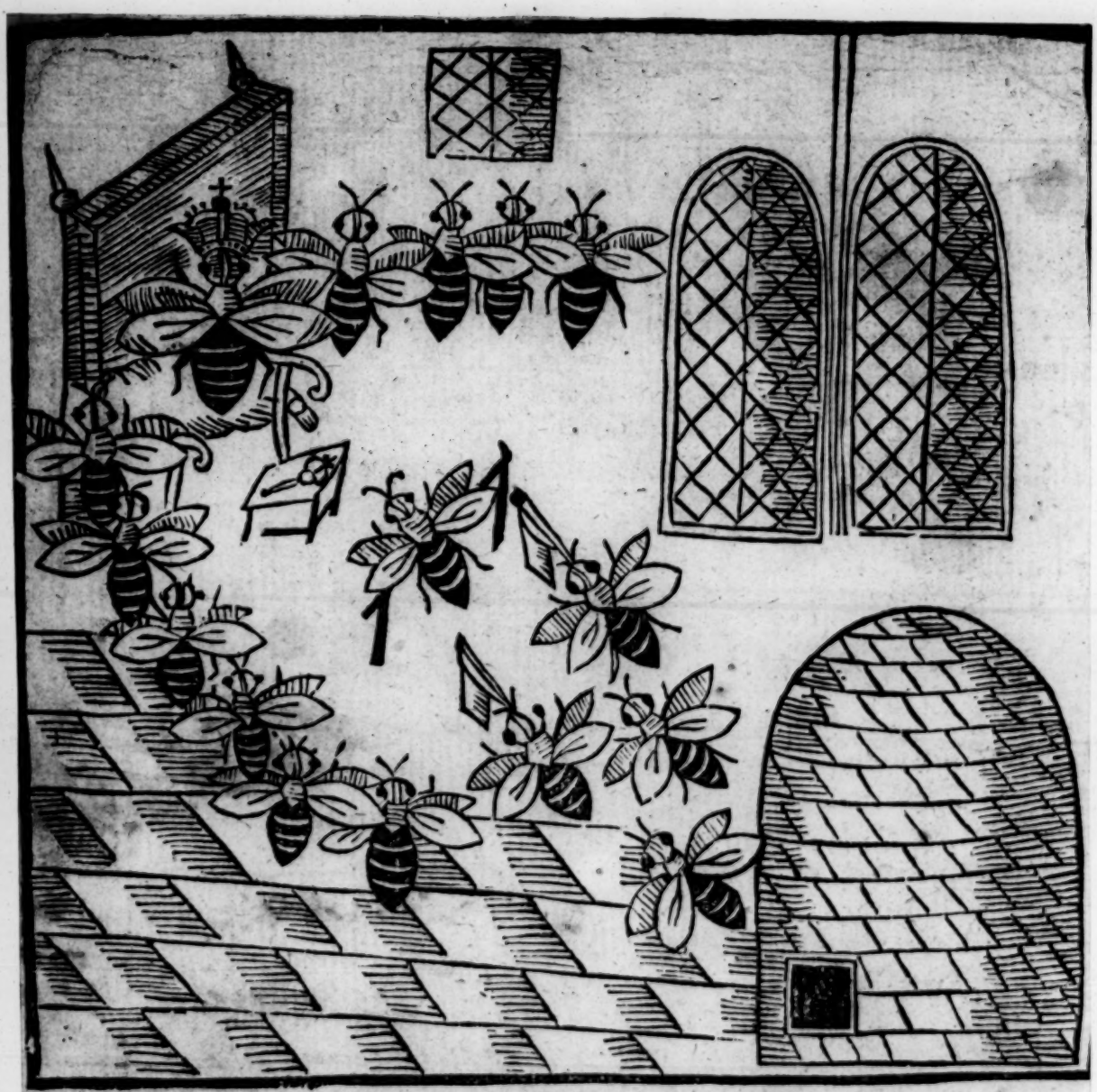

THe Parliament is held, Bils and Complaints
Heard and reform'd, with ſeverall reſtraints
Of uſurpt freedome; inſtituted Law
To keepe the Common-Wealth of Bees in awe.

collated & perfect. J.S.K. 1804.

THE PARLIAMENT OF BEES,

With their proper Characters.

OR

A Bee-hive furniſht with twelve Hony-combes, *as Pleaſant as Profitable.*

Being an Allegoricall deſcription of the actions *of good and bad men in theſe our daies.*

First Edition.

By IOHN DAYE,

Sometimes Student of *Caius* Colledge in *Cambridge.*

OVIDIVS.

——— *Mihi Flavus Apollo*
Pocula Caſtaliæ plena miniſtret Aquæ.

LONDON:
Printed for *William Lee*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in *Pauls* Church-yard neere *Pauls* Chaine. 1641.

774

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To the worthy Gentleman Mr. *George Butler* profeſſor of the Arts Liberall, And true Patron to Neglected Poeſie, All Health and Happineſſe.

Worthy Sir,

I May be thought bold, if not impudent, (upon ſo little acquaintance) to make this ſawcy treſpaſſe upon your patience; But fame, whoſe office, (like the Nomenclators at Rome) is to to take notice and proclaime the Name and vertues of every Noble Perſonage, has given you out for ſo Ingenuous a profeſſor of the Arts, & ſo bountiful a patron of poor ſchollars it has imboldned me, to preſent my Hive of Bees to your favourable protection; and when I remember how Lewis the eleventh (of that Name) King of France tooke notice, & bountifully rewarded a decay'd Gardiner, who preſēted him with a bunch of Carrets, I doubtnot of their kinde and generous entertainment; upon which aſſurance I reſt ever.

Yours in all ſervice devote.

JOHN DAY.

The Arguments of the 12. *Characters or* Colloquies.

Prorex. *Character* 1. Or the Mr. *Bee.*

THe Parlament *is held, Bils and Complaints*
Heard and reform'd, with ſeverall reſtraints
Of uſurpt freedome, inſtituted Law,
To keepe the Common-wealth *of* Bees *in awe.*

Elimozinas. *Char.* 2. Or the Hoſpitable *Bee.*

THe Author in his Ruſſet Bee,
Characters Hoſpitality,
Deſcribes his Hive, and for his feaſts
Appoints fit dayes, and names his gueſts.

Thraſo. *Char.* 3. Or the Pluſh *Bee.*

INvention *here doth Character*
A neere vaine-glorious Reveller:
Who ſcornes his kindred, grindes the Poore,
Hunts only Ryot and his (*why not*).

Armiger.

Armiger. *Char.* 4. Or the field *Bee.*

THe Poet under Armiger,
Shadowes a ſouldiers Character,
His worth, the Courteous coy neglect,
His Pen doth ſparingly Detect.

Rivales. *Char.* 5.

TWo Rivall Bees doe here expreſſe,
Good things grow loathſome through exceſſe:
Flowers, in the Spring trod under feet,
In winter would be counted ſweet.

Poetaſter, *Char.* 6.

HEre Invention aimes his drift,
At Poets wants, and Patrons thrift:
Servile ſcorne, and Ignorant Pride
He ſpurnes and juſtly doth deride.

Parcimonious. *Char.* 7. The thrifty *Bee.*

THe thrifty Bee, that hoards up waxe,
The idle Loyterer here doth taxe:
Who toyles not whilſt his ſtrength doth ſerve,
May with Cicada ſing, yet ſterve—The Graſhopper.*

Fœnerator. *Char.* 8. The broaking *Bee.*

IN this the Poet lineats forth,
That bounty feeds deſert and worth:

Brands vſury, inveighs 'gainſt bribes,
And Fenerators hive deſcribes.

Pharmacopolis. *Char.* 9. The Quackſalver.

THis Colloquie is characters
Of an impeſtrous Quackſalver:
Who, to ſteale practiſe, and to vent
His drugs would buy a Patient.

Inamorato. *Char.* 10. The Paſſionate *Bee.*

IN this the Poet ſpends ſome Art,
To character a Lovers ſmart:
Who for a ſigh his love let fall,
Prepares a ſolemne Funerall.

Obron in progreſſu. *Char.* 11. Obron in progreſſe.

OBron his royall progreſſe makes,
To Hybla where he gives and takes
Preſents, and priviledges, Bees
Of worth he crownes with offices.

Rexacillium *Char.* 12. The Kings bench *Barre.*

OBron in his Starchamber ſits,
Sends out Sub-panas, high Court writs:
For the ſwarme of Bees, Degradeth ſome,
Frees others, all ſhare Legall ſumme.

The

The Authors Commiſſion to his Bees.

ABroad my pretty Bees: I hope you'l find
Neither rough tempeſt, nor commanding winde
To check your flight, carry an humble wing,
Buzze boldly what I bid, but doe not ſting
Your generous Patron: whereſoere you come
Feede you on waxe, leave them the Honey-combe:
Yet if you meet a tart Antagoniſt,
(Or diſcontented rugged Satyriſt)
That ſleights your Errant, or his Art that pen dit,
Cry, Tanti: Bid him kiſſe his Muſe---and mend it:
If then they Meawe, reply not you, but bring
Their names to me, Ile ſend out Waſpes ſhall ſting
Their Malice to the quick; If they cap words,
Tell 'em your Maſter is a twiſting cord's
Shall make pride ſkip; if I muſt needs take paines,
'T ſhall be to draw blood from Detractions vaines,
Tho ſhe vell'd like Parchment, Art can make em bleed,
And what I vow, Apollo has decreed:
Your whole commiſſion in one line's enrowld,
Be valiant lie free, but not too bold.

Iohn Day.

The Booke to the Reader.

IN my commiſſion I am charg'd to greet
And mildly kiſſe the hands of all I meet,
Which I muſt doe, or never more be ſeene
About the Fount of ſacred Hippocreene.
Smooth ſockt Thalia takes delight to dance
Ith' Schooles of Art, the doore of ignorance
Shee ſets a Croſſe on; Detractors ſhee doth ſcorne,
Yet kneeles to Cenſure, (ſo it be true borne)
I had rather fall into a Beadles hands
That reads, and with his reading underſtands;
Then ſome Pluſh-Midas, that can read no further
But Bees? whoſe penning? mew, this man doth murther
A writers credit and wrong'd poeſie
(Like a rich Diamond dropt into the Sea)
Is by him loſt for ever, quite through read me,
Or'mongſt waſt paper into Paſtboard knead me,
Preſſe me to death, ſo tho your churliſh hands
Rob me of life, Ile ſave my paper lands
For my next heire, who with Poetick breath
May in ſad Elegie record my death.
If ſo: I wiſh my Epitaph may be
Onely three words, Opinion murdered me.

Liber Lectori
Candido.

THE

The Parlament of Bees.

Character 1:

Prorex, or the Maſter *Bees* Character.

A Parliament is held, Bils and complaints
Referd and heard, with ſeverall reſtraints
Of uſurpt freedome, Inſtituted law,
To keepe the common wealth of Bees in awe.

Speakers.

Prorex, Aulicus, Oeconomicus, Dicaſtes, Speaker:

Prorex.

TO us, who warranted by *Obrons* love,
Write our ſelfe Mr. Bee, both field and grove,
Garden and Orchard, lawnes & flowrie meades,
Where th'amorous winde plaies with the golden heads
Of wanton Cowſlips, Daſies in their prime,
Some loving Marigolds, the bloſſom'd Thyme,
The blew-veind Violets, and the Damask roſe,
The ſtatelie Lilly, miſtris of all thoſe,
Are allowd and given by *Obrons* free areede,
Paſture for me and all my ſwarmes to feed.

No

Now that our will and ſoveraigne intent,
May be made knowne, wee call this parliament,
And as the wiſe determiner of power,
Proportion, time to moments, minutes, houres,
Weeks, months, years, ages, diſtinguiſh'd d ty from night
Winter from Summer, profunditie from height
In Sublunaries, as in the courſe of Heaven
The bodies Metaphyſicall runne even,
Zeniths and *Zones* have their apt ſtations,
Planers and Starres their Conſtellations,
With Orbes to move in, ſo divinely made
Some ſpherically move, ſome retrograde,
Yet all keepe courſe; ſo ſhall it be our care
That every Family have his proper Spheare.
And to that purpoſe, *Auticus* be groome
Of all our lodgings, and provide fit roome
To lay in wax & Honey, both for us
And all our houſhold: *Oeconomicus*,
Be you our ſteward, carefully to fit
Quotidian diet, and ſo order it,
Each may have equ. ll portion: And beſide
Needfull proviſion, carefully provide
Store againſt warre and Famine: Martio thee
I have found valian', thy authority
(Beeing approv'd for Diſcipline in armes)
Shall be to muſter up our warlike ſwarmes
Of winged lances, for like a peacefull King,
Although we were, we are loath to uſe our ſting.
Speaker, informe us what petitions
Our Commons put up at theſe Seſſions.

The *Parlament of Bees.*

A bill preferd againſt the Humble Bee.

Speaker. A Bill preferd, againſt a publique wrong:
The ſurly *Humble Bee*, who hath too long
Liv'd like an Out-law, and will neither pay
Honey nor waxe, doe ſervice, nor obey)
But like a fellon coucht under a weed
Watches advantage to make boot and feed
Vpon the top-branch bloſſomes, and by ſtealth
Makes dangerous inroads on your common-wealth,
Robs the day-labourer of his golden prize
And ſends him weeping home, with emptie thighes.
Thus like a theefe, he flies ore hill and downe
And Out-law-like doth challenge as his owne
Your Highnes due, nay Pyratick detaines
The waxen fleet ſailing upon your plaines.
Prorex. A great abuſe, which we muſt have redreſt
Before it growes to high: on too the reſt.

A bill preferd againſt the Waſpe.

Speaker. A bill preferd againſt the Waſpe; a Flie
Who Merchant-like under preteuce to buy
Makes bold to borrow, and paies too. *Pro:* But when?
Speaker. Why *ad Kalendas Græcas*, never then.

A bill againſt the Hornet.

Theres the ſtrange *Hornet*, who doth ever weare
A ſcalie armor, and a double Speare,

Coucht in his front, rifles the Merchants packs
Upon the Rhode, your honey and your waxe
He doth by ſtealth tranſport to ſome ſtrange ſhoare,
Makes rich their hives, and keeps your own groves poor.
Prorex. I thanke your Induſtrie, but we'l deviſe
A ſtature that no ſuch Out-landiſh flies
Shall carry ſuch high wing: *Speaker.* Yet theſe alone

A bill preferd againſt the Drone.

Doe not afflict us, but the lazie droane
Our native country Bee, who like the Snaile
(That bankrowt-like makes his owne ſhell his jayle
All the day long) Ith'evening plaies the thief,
And when the labouring Bees have tane reliefe,
Be gone to reſt, againſt all right and lawe
Acts burglary, breakes ope their houſe of ſtraw,
And not alone makes pillage of their hives;
But (Butcher-like) bereaves them of their lives.
Prorex. Gainſt all theſe Out-lawes. *Martio* bee thou
Lievetenant Generall, thou knowſt well how
To hamper ſuch Delinquents. *Dicaſtes* thee
We make our advocate, thy office be
To moderate each difference and jar
In this our civill Oeconomicke war,
And let both plaintife, and defendant be
Heard and diſpatcht for conſcionable fee
And more to keepe our *Anomoi* in awe (*ſine leges*
Our ſelfe (the chiefe) will live under a law. *viventes*)
Dicaſt. To each deſert Ile render lawfull weight,
The ſcale of juſtice ſhall uſe no deceipt:

Prorex

Prorex. It looſes name and nature, if it ſhud,
Next *Villicus*, thou that frequentſt the wood
Our painefull ruſſet Bee, we create thee
Chiefe baylife both of fallow-field and lee:
Appoint each Bee his walke, the medow-bee
Shall not encroach upon the upland lee,
But keepe his bound, if any with intent
To wrong our ſtate flye from our government,
Hoarding their hony up in rocks or trees,
Sell or tranſport it to our enemies,
Breake downe their Garners, ſeiſe upon their ſtore,
And in our name divide it 'mongſt the poore,
Onely to us reſerve our royalties,
High waies and waſtes, all other ſpecialties
We make thee ruler of *Vill:* and Ile impart
To all with a free hand and faithfull heart:
Pro. Now break up Court, and each one to his toyle,
Thrive by your labours, drones live a'the ſpoyle,
Feare neither *Waſpe*, nor *Hornet*, forreyners
Be bard from being intercommoners,
And having laboured hard from light to light,
With golden thighes, come ſinging home at night,
For neither *Droane*, *Waſpe*, Fly nor *Humble-Bee*,
Shall dare to rob you of your treaſury.
So to your Summer harveſt, worke and thrive
Bounti's the bleſſing of the labourers hive.

Eleemozynus. Character. 2. *The Hoſpitable Bee.*

THe Author in his Ruſſet Bee,
Characters Hoſpitalitie,
Deſcribes his hive; and for his feaſts
Appoints fit daies, and names his gueſts.

Speakers. *Eleemozynus. Cordato:*

Cordato: Your hiv's a rare one, *Rome* did never raiſe
A work of greater wonder. *Eleemozynus.* Spare your praiſe,
Tis finiſh'd, and the coſt ſtands on no ſcore,
None can for want of payment, at my dore
Curſe my foundation; ſeeing the ſmoake goe
Out of thoſe lovers, for whoſe ſtraw I owe.
Cordato. Why to your hive have ye ſo many waies?
Elemozynus. They anſwer juſt the number of ſeven dais,
On Mondayes ſuch, whoſe fortunes are ſunck lowe,
By good houſkeeping, Ile my almes beſtow.
On Tewſdaies ſuch as all their life-times wrought
Their countries freedome, and her battailes fought;
On Wedenſdaies, ſuch as with painfull wit
Have div'd for knowledge in the ſacred writ;
On Thurſdayes ſuch as prov'd unfortunate
In Counſell, and high offices of ſtate;
On Fridayes ſuch as for their Conſcience ſake
Are kept in bonds; on Saturdaies Ile make

Feaſts

Feaſts for poore Bees paſt labour, *Orphane* frie
And widdowes ground in Mils of uſury.
And Sundayes for my Tenants and all Swaines
That labour for me on the groves and plaines.
The windowes of my hive, with bloſſomes dight
Are Porters to let in (our comfort) light,
In number juſt ſix hundred, ſixtie five,
'Cauſe in ſo many daies the Sunne doth drive
His Chariot (ſtucke with beames of burniſh'd gold,)
About the world by Sphericall Motion rowld,
For my almes ſhall diurnall progreſſe make
With the free ſunne in his bright Zodiacke.
Cordato: Some Bees ſet all their Tenants on the Rack
Not to feed bellyes, but to cloath the backe.
Eleemo. I with their actions hold no Sympathie,
Such eat the poore up, but the poore eat me.
Cor. And you'l performe all this? *Eleem.* Faire & upright
As are the ſtrict vowes of an Anchorite,
An almes that by a Niggards hand is ſerv'd
Is mold and gravelly bread, the hunger-ſterv'd
May take, but cannot eat: Ile deale none ſuch
Who with free hand ſhakes out but Crums, gives much.
Cordato. You'l have bad helps in this good courſe of life,
You might doe therefore well to take a wife.
Eleemo. A wife? when I ſhould have one hand in Heaven
To write my happineſſe (in leaves as even
And ſmooth as *Porphyry*) ſhee'd by the other
Plucke me quite downe, vertue ſcarce knowes a mother.
Pardon ſweet Females, I your Sex admire,
But dare not ſit too neare your wanton fire,

Fearing

Fearing your fairer beauties tempting flame
My ſound affections might put out of frame.
In like manner ſaid *Alexander* by the daughters of *Drius.*

Neſcio quid latentis veneni habet caro fœminea,
Vt prudentiores citius corrumpat.

Card. Who then ſhall reap the golden crop you ſow?
Tis halfe a curſe t'have wealth, and not to knowe
Whom to call heire. *Eleemo:* My heirs ſhall be the poor
Bees wanting limbs, ſuch as in daies of yore
Pend learned Canzons, for no other meed,
But that in them unletterd Bees might reade,
And reading lay up knowledge, being alive
Such Ile maintaine, and being dead my hive
Honey and waxe I will bequeath to build
A ſkep where weekely meetings may be held
To read and heare ſuch ancient morall ſawes
As may teach ignorance the uſe of lawes;
And theſe will be a true Inheritance,
Not to decay, neither ſword, fire, nor chance,
Thunder of Iove, nor mundane Caſualties
Can ruin the ſucceſſion of theſe:
Mannors, Parkes, Townes, nay Kingdomes may be ſold,
But ſtill the poore ſtand like a Lords free-hold
Vnforfeited; of all lawe-tricks not one
Can throw the poor out of poſſeſſion:
Should I looſe all my hives and waxen wealth,
Out of the poore mans diſh I ſhould drink health,
Comfort and bleſſings, therefore keepe aloofe
And tempt no further, whilſt I live my Roofe

Shal

Shall cover naked wretches, when I dye
Ile dedicate it to Saint Charity.

Character 3.

Thraſo or *Polypragmus. The Pluſh Bee.*

INvention here doth Character
A meere vaineglorious Reveller,
Who ſcornes his equals, grindes the Poore
Hunts onely Ryots, and his (: :)

Speakers.
Polypragmus. Servant.

Poly. The Roome ſmels: foh, ſtand off, yet ſtay dee hear,
O'th ſawcy Sun, which mounted in our ſpheare,
Strives to out-ſhine us? *Ser:* So the poor Bees hum.
Pol: Poor Bees? potguns, Illegitimate ſcum
And baſtard flies, taking adulterate ſhape
From reeking dunghils, if that medling ape
Zanying my greatneſſe, dares but once preſume
To vie expence with me, I will conſume
His whole hive in a month. Say you that ſawe
His new-raiſd frame, how is it built? *Ser.* Of ſtraw
Dyed in quaint colours, here and there a rowe
Of Indian bents, which make a handſome ſhowe.
Poly. How, ſtraw and bents, ſayſt? I will have one built
Like *Pompeys* Theatre, the ſeeling guilt

And

And enterſeam'd with Pearle, to make it ſhine
Like high *Ioves* palace, my deſcents divine.
My great Hall I have pav'd with Clouds, which done
(By wondrous ſkill) an Artificiall Sun
Shall rowle about, reflecting golden beames,
Like *Phebus* dancing on the wanton ſtreames,
And when tis night, iuſt as that Sun goes downe
Ile have the Stars draw up a ſilver Moon,
In her full height of glorie, over head
A roof of woods, and Forreſts Ile have ſpread.
Tree's growing down-wards, full of Fallow-deare,
When of the ſudaine (liſtning) you ſhall heare
A noiſe of Hornes, and hunting, which ſhall bring
Acteon to *Diana* in the ſpring,
Where all ſhall ſee her naked ſkin: and there
Acteons hounds ſhall their owne Maſter teare,
As Embleme of his follie that will keepe
Hounds to devoure and eat him up aſleepe.
All this Ile doe, that men with praiſe may crowne
My fame for turning the world upſide-downe,
And what pluſh *Bees* ſit at this Fleſh-flies Table.
Ser. None but poore lame ones and the ragged rabble.
Poly: My board ſhall be no manger for ſcabd Jades,
To lick up provender, no *Bee* that trades
Sucks Hony there. *Ser.* poore ſchollers. *Poly:* Beg & ſterve,
Or ſteale and hang, what can ſuch rogues deſerve?
Gallowes and Gibbets, hang e'm: give me Lutes
Vials and Clarions, ſuch Muſicke ſuites
Schollers like common Beadles, laſh the times,
Whip our abuſe, and fetch blood of our crimes,

Let

Let him feed hungry Schollers, fetch me whores,
They are mans bliſſe, the other Kingdomes ſores:
We gave in charge to ſeeke the grove for Bees
Comming in Cookerie, and rare qualities
And wanton females, that ſell ſin for gold. (old
Ser: Some of all ſorts you have. *Pol.* They are ſtale and
I have ſeen 'em twice. *Ser:* we have multiplied your ſtore
Vnto a thouſand. *Pol.* More, let me have more
Then the Grand ſignior. And my change as rare
Tall, low, and middle-ſiz'd, the browne and faire.
Ide give a Prince his ranſome now to taſt
Black Cleopatras cheek, only to waſt
A richer pearle then that of *Anthonyes*,
That fame might write up my name and race his.
Oh that my mother had been *Paris* whore,
And I might live to burne down *Troy* once more,
So that by that brave light I might have ran
At barly-brake with my ſleek curtezan.
Yet talk'ſt of Schollers? ſee my face no more.
Let the Portcullis downe and bolt the doore.
But one ſuch tattered enſigne here being ſpread
Would draw in numbers, here ſhall my rogues be fed;
Charge our Mechanicke Bees to make things meet
To manacle baſe beggars hands and feet,
And call it *Polypragmus* whipping poſt
Orth' beggars ordinary, they ſhal taſt my roaſt.
And if ye ſpie a Bee that has a looke,
Stigmaticall, drawne out like a blacke booke,
Full of Greeke π; to ſuch Ile give large pay,
To watch and warde for poor Bees night and day,

And laſh 'em ſoundly if they approach my gate,
Whipcord's my bounty, and the rogues ſhall ha't.
The poore are but the earths dung fit to lye
Cover'd in muck-heaps, not offend our eye.
Thus in your boſomes Jove his bounty flings
What are gold Mynes, but a rich duſt for Kings
To ſcatter with their breath, as chaffe with winde.
Let me then that have gold, beare a Kings minde
And give till my arme akes, who bravely powres
But into a wenches lap ſuch golden ſhowres,
May be Ioves equall, there his ambition ends
In obſcure Rivalſhip, but he that ſpends
A world of wealth, makes a whole world his debtor,
And ſuch a noble ſpender is Ioves better:
That man Ile be, I'm *Alexanders* heire
To one part of his minde, I wiſh there were
Ten worlds, *Ser.* How for to conquer? *Pol.* No to ſell
For Alpine hils of ſilver, I could well
Husband that Merchandize, provided I
Might at one feaſt draw all that treaſure dry.
Who hoards up wealth is baſe, who ſpends it brave.
Earth breeds gold, ſo I tread but on my ſlave
Ser. Oh wonderfull! yet let all wonder paſſe
Hees a great Bee, and a vain-glorious aſſe.

Character 4.
Armiger. The field Bee.

THe *Poet under* Armiger
Shadowes a ſouldiers Character

His

His worth, the Courtiers coy neglect
His pen doth ſparingly detect.

Speakers.

Armiger. Donne. Cocadillio. Prorex.

Arm: Is Maſter Bee at leaſure to ſpeak Spaniſh (vaniſh:
With a Bee of ſervice? *Don*. No. *Arm*. Smoaked Pilcher
Proud *Don* with th'oaker face, I'de but deſire
To meet thee on a breach midſt ſmoak and fire,
And for Tobacco, whiffing Gunpowder
Out of a braſen pipe, that ſhould puffe lowder
Then thunder roares, there (though illiterate Dawe)
Thou nere couldſt ſpell, thou ſhouldſt reade Canon law.
How the Iades prance in golden trappings, ho?
Is maſter Bee at leaſure. *Don*: What to doe?
Arm: To heare a ſouldier ſpeake. *Don*: I cannot tell,
I am no eare-picker. *Are*: Yet you heare well,
Ye'ar of the Court? *Don*: The Mr. Bees chief barbour.
Arm. Then *Don* you li'd, you are an eare-picker.
Don. Wel, if thou commeſt to beg a ſuit at Court,
I ſhall deſcend ſo low, as to report
Thy paper buſineſſe: *Arm*. I beg proud *Don*,
I ſcorne to ſcrible: my petition
Is written on my boſome in red wounds.
Don. I am no Surgeon Sir: Alloone. *Arm*. Baſe hounds!
Thou god of gay aparrell, what ſtrange lookes
Make ſuit to do thee ſervice? Mercers bookes
Shew mens devotions to thee, Hell cannot holde
A Fiend more ſtately: my acquaintance ſold,

Cauſe poore? ſtood now my beaten taylor by me,
Pleiting of my rich hoſe, my ſilke-man nye me,
Drawing upon my Lord-ſhips Courtly calfe
Payers of embroydered ſtockings, or but halfe
A dozen things cald creditors, had my Barber
Perfum'd my lowzy thatch (this nitty harbour)
Theſe pi'd-wingd Butterflies wud know me than,
But they nere landed in the Ile of *Man*.
That ſuch a thing as this, a decoy flye
Should buzze about the eare of Royalty,
Such whale-bon'd bodied raſcals, that owe more
To Linnen-drapers, to new vampe a whore,
Then all their race from their grand beldame foorth
To this their raigne in cloaths were ever worth,
That ſuch ſhould tickle a commanders eare
With flatterie, when we muſt not come neare,
But ſtand (for want of cloaths) tho we win townes
Amongſt almsbaſket men, ſuch ſilken clownes
When wee with bloud deſerve, ſhare our reward
We held ſcarce fellow-mates to the blacke guard;
Why ſhold a ſouldier being the worlds right arme
Be cut off by the left? (infernall charme)
Is the world all ruffe and feather? is deſart
Baſtard? doth cuſtome cut of his childs part
No difference twixt a wilde gooſe and a ſwan,
A Taylor and a true borne gentleman?
So the world thinkes, but ſearch the Heralds notes,
And you ſhall finde much difference in their coates.
Pro: A field Bee ſpeak with me? bold *Armiger*,
Welcome, thy boſome is a regiſter

Of thy bold Acts: vertue's ſtill poore I ſee.
Armi. Poore? rich: *Pro.* In ſcars: *Arm.* In wealth, in honeſty.
Since I firſt read my A B C of warre,
In nine ſet fields I ſayld by that bright ſtar,
Ere I was tronchion high, I had the ſtile
Of beardleſſe Captaine, and I all this while
Drild under honeſty, neare purſt dead pay,
Never made weeke the longer by a day.
A ſouldier dead, his pay did likewiſe dye,
And ſtill I ſerv'd one Generall honeſty.
From his owne trencher I was daily fed
With Canon bullets, taught to chewe ſteele and lead,
Nay digeſt Iron; and when ere I dye
Ile have no Epitaph but honeſty
Writ over me. *Pro.* I know it, thou blacke Swan,
I have ſeene this Bee, (in his fate more then man)
Write in the field ſuch ſtories with his ſting,
That our beſt leaders reading ore his writing
Swore twas a new philoſophie of fighting,
His acts were ſo remarkable in one field
Fought gainſt the ſurly waſpe, (I needs muſt yeeld
Deſart his due,) having bruizd my filmy wing,
And in fierce combat blunted my keene ſting
(Beaten into a tuft of Roſemary)
This manly Bee (armd with true honeſty)
Three times that day redeem'd me, and beſtrid
My body with Coloſſus thighs, he did,
Whilſt all the thunder-bolts that war could throw
At me, fell on his head he cannot now
Chuſe but be honeſt ſtill, and valiant: ſtill
His hive with waxe and honey-combes Ile fill,

And

And in reward of thy bold chivalrie
Make thee commander of a Colonie,
Wiſhing all ſuch as honour Diſcipline
To ſerve him, and make honeſty their ſhrine.

Character 5.

Poetaſter. Poeticall Bee.

HEre Invention aymes his drift
At Poets wants and patrons thrift,
Servile ſcorne and Ignorant pride
Free Judgement ſlightly doth deride.

Speakers.

Gnatho. Iltriſte. Poetaſter.

Ilt: A Schollar ſpeake with mee? *Gn:* He ſaies a Poet,
I thinke no leſſe for his apparrell ſhow it,
He's of ſome ſtanding, his cloath cloak is worne (ſcorn
To a ſeargе. *Ilt*: He's poore, that proves his high things
Mundane felicitie, diſdaines to flatter
For empty ayre, or like crow poets chatter
For great mens crums. But what's his ſuite to me.
Gn: To beg a dinner, old dame charity
Lame of all fowre limps out, and ſounds a Call
For all the rogues. *Ilt:* Out ſenceleſſe Animall,
Hearing of my retirement, and the hate
I beare to Court attendance, and high ſtate,
Hee's come perhaps to write my Epitaph.
Gn: Some lowzy ballad? I cannot chooſe but laugh
At theſe poor ſquitter pulps. *Ilt:* Thou ignorant elfe
Should he know this, hee'd make thee hang thy ſelfe

In ſtrong Iambicks: *G*: whats that hemp? or flax?
Ilt: A halter ſtretch thee, ſuch ill-tutord jacks
Poyſon the fame of Patrons, I ſhall I doubt me,
be thought *Jobs* wife, I keepe ſuch ſcabs about me.
Seale up thy lips, and if thou needs muſt ſinne,
Doo't privately, out ſpaniell, bring him in.
Gn:He's come:Poet:to you my love preſents this book.
Ilt. I am unworthy on't. Except a hooke
Hung at each line to choake me, ſtay what name
Haſt given thy brat? To the moſt honoured Dame.
Com'ſt lying into th'world? be thy leaves torne,
Rent, and us'd baſely, as thy title's borne?
Gn. Rare ſport: no marveile if this poet begs
For his lame verſes, they've nor feet nor legs.
Po. Nor thou humanity. *Ilt.*Go burn this paper ſpright.
*Gn.*Sir your darke Poetry will come to light:
Poet. You are not noble, thus to wound the heart,
Teare and make martyrs of the limbs of art,
Before examination: *Cæſar* taught
No ſuch Court doctrine, *Alexander* thought
Better of *Homers* lofty Iliades,
And hug'd their Mr. tho this, and ſuch gald jades
Were ſpurre-gald-hackneyes, kick at their betters, though
Some hide-bound worldlings neither give, nor ſhow
Countenance to Poets: yet the noble ſpirit
Loves vertue for it owne ſake, and rewards merit
Tho nere ſo meanly habited, nor Bee
That frequents Hibla, takes more paines then wee
Doe in our Canzons, yet they live and thrive
Richly, when we want waxe to ſtore our hive.

Ilt.

Ilt: I honour Poeſie, nor diſlike I thee,
Onely thy fawning title troubled me,
I love your groves, and in your libraries,
(Amongſt quaint odes, and paſſionate Elegies)
Have read whole volumes, of much injur'd dames
Righted by poets; aſſume thy brighteſt flames,
And dip thy pen in wormewood-juyce for me,
Canſt write a ſatyre? Tart authority
Doe call 'em Libels: canſt write ſuch a one?
Poet: I can mixe inke, and coppereſſe. *Ilt*: So go on.
Poet: Dare mingle poyſon with 'em. *Ilt*: Do't for me,
Thou haſt the theorie. *Poet*: Yes each line muſt be
A corde to draw bloud. *Ilt*: Good. *Poet*. A ly to dare
The ſtab from him it touches. *Ilt*: Better, rare.
Poet: Such ſatyres, as you call 'em, muſt lance wide
The wounds of mens corruptions, ope the ſide
Of vice, ſearch deep for dead fleſh and ranck coars.
A Poets inke can better cure ſome ſoars
Then ſurgeons balſum. *Ilt*: Vndertake this cure,
Ile crowne thy paines with gold. *Boet*: Ile do't be ſure,
But I muſt have the parties Character.
Ilt: The Mr: *Bee*. *Poet*. That thunder doth deter
And fright my muſe, I will not wade in ills
Beyond my depth, nor dare I plucke the quils
Of which I make pens, out of the Eagles claw.
Know I am a loyall ſubject. *Ilt*: *A* jack-dawe.
This baſeneſſe followes your profeſſion,
You are like common beadles, eaſily wonne,
To whip poore Bees to death (ſcarce worth the ſtriking,
But fawne with ſlaviſh flatterie, and throw liking

On

On great droanes vices, you clap hands at thoſe
Which proves your vices friends and vertues foes,
Where the true Poet indeed doth ſcorne to guilde
A cowards tombe with glories or to build
A ſumptuous Pyramid of golden verſe
Over the ruins of an ignoble herſe.
His lines like his invention are borne free,
And both live blameleſſe to eternity.
He holds his reputation ſo deare,
As neither flattering hope, nor ſervile feare
Can bribe his pen to temporize with Kings,
The blacker are his crimes, the lowder ſings,
Goe, goe thou dar'ſt not, canſt not write, let me
Invoke the helpe of ſacred Poeſie.
May not a woman be a Poet? *Poet.* Yes
And learne the art with far more eaſineſſe
Then any man can doe, for Poeſie
Is but a feigning, feigning is to lye,
And women ſtudie that art more then men.
Ilt. I am not fit to be a Poet then;
For I ſhould leave off feigning and ſpeak true.
Poet. You'l nere then make good Poet. *Ilt*: Very few,
I thinke be good. *Poet*: I thinke ſo too. *Ilt*: Be plaine.
How might I doe to hit the Mr. vaine
Of Poeſie? *Poet*: *I* deſcend from *Perſius*,
He taught his pupils to breed Poets thus,
To have their temples girt and ſwadled up
With night-caps: To ſteale juyce from *Hebeer* cup,
To ſteepe their barren crownes in, pilfer clouds
From off *Parnaſſus* top. To build them ſhrowds

Of lawrell boughs to keepe invention green,
Then drink nine healths of sacred *Hippocreene*
To the nine muses, this sayes *Perseus*,
Will make a Poet, I thinke cheper thus,
Gold, musicke, wine, tobacco, and good cheere
Make Poets soare aloft, and sing out cleare. (never.
Ilt. Are you born Poets? *Poet.* Yes. *Ilt.* So dy. *Poet.* Dy
Ilt: My miserie's then a Poet, that lives ever,
For time has lent it such eternity;
And ful succession it can never dye,
How many sorts of Poets are there? *Poet:* Two,
Great and small Poets: *Ilt*: Great and small ones? so
Which doe you call the great? the fat ones? *Poet*: No,
But such as have great heads which emptyed forth
Fill all the world with wonder at their worth.
Proud flies, swolne big with breath and windy praise,
Yet merit brakes, and nettles stead of bayes.
Such, title Cods, and Lobsters of arts Sea;
The small ones, call the shrimps of Poesie,
The greater number of spawne feathered Bees
Fly low like Kites, the other mount on trees,
Those peck up dunghill garbadge, these drinke wine
Out of *Iowes* cups: those mortall, these divine.
Ilt: Who is the best Poet. *Poet*. Emulation,
The next necessity; but Detraction
The worst of all. *Ilt*. Imagine I were one,
What should I get by't? *Poet*. Why opinion.
Ilt. I've too much of that already, for tis known
That in opinion I am overthrowne,
Opinion is my evidence, Judge and jury,

Opinion has betraid me to the furie
Of vulgar ſcandall, partiall opinion
Gapes like a Sheriffe for execution.
I wonderd ſtill how Schollars came undone,
And now I ſee tis by opinion;
That foe to worth, ſworn Enemy to art,
Patron of ignorance, Hangman of deſart,
Aske any man what can betray a Poet
To ſcandall? baſe opinion ſhall doe it.
Ile therefore be no Poet, no nor make
Ten muſes of your nine, my reaſon take.
Verſes (tho freemen borne,) are bought and ſold
Like ſlaves; their makers too, (that merit gold)
Are fed with ſhalls: whence growes this ſlight regard?
From hence Opinion gives their reward.

Character 6.

Rivales.

INvention labours to diſcover
The pretty paſſions of a lover,
Shewing how in amorous fits,
Long loſt, a Bee may finde her wits.

Speakers.

Arethuſa. Vlania.

VVEll met faire beauty, pray you can you tell
News of *Meletus?* *Vl.* Such a Bee doth dwell,

In my fathers hive, but aſke you as a friend?
Areth. Yes, and as one who for his good would ſpend
Living and life. *Vla.* Yet not ſo much as I.
Areth: Why do you love him? *Vla.* I'm mine own echo, I,
Areth: Wherfore? *Vla.* I know not, there's ſome fallacy,
For not a Village fly, nor medow Bee
That traffikes daily on the neighbour plaine,
But will report how all the winged traine
Have ſu'd to me for love, when we have flowne,
In ſwarmes out to diſcover fields new blowne,
Happy was he could finde the forwardſt tree
And cull the choiceſt bloſſomes out for me:
Of all their labours they allowd me ſome
And like my Champions mand me out, and home,
Yet I lovd none of them, *Philon* a Bee
Wel skild in verſe and amorous Poeſie,
As we have ſat at worke, both of one roſe
Has humd ſweet canzons both in verſe and proſe,
Which I nere minded, *Aſtrophel* a Bee
(Although not ſo poeticall as he)
Yet in his full invention quicke and ripe,
In ſummer Evenings on his well-tun'd pipe
Upon a woodbine bloſſome in the ſunne
(Our hive being cleane ſwept and our daies work done)
Would play me twenty ſeverall tunes, yet I
Nor minded *Aſtrophell*, nor his melodie.
Then there's *Amniter*, for whoſe love faire *Leade*
(That pretty Bee) flies up and downe the Mead
With rivers in her eyes, without deſerving
Sent me trim *Akron* boughs of his owne carving,

To

To drink May dew and Mead in; yet none of theſe
My hive-borne play fellows and neighbour bees
Could I affect, untill this ſtrange Bee came,
And him I love with ſuch an ardent flame
Diſcretion cannot quench. *Areth*: Now I begin
To love him, freſh examples uſhers ſin,
How doth he ſpend his time? *Vla.* Labours and toyles,
Extracts more honey out of barren ſoyles
Then twenty lazie droans, I have heard my father
Steward of the hive profeſſe, that he had rather
Looſe halfe the ſwarme then him; if a bee poor or weak
Grow faint on's way, or by miſ-fortune break
A wing or leg againſt a twig; alive
Or dead, hee'l bring into the Mrs. Hive
Him and his burthen; but the other day
On the next plaine, there grew a mortall fray
Betwixt the waſpes and us, the wind grew high,
And a rough ſtorme rag'd ſo imperuouſly,
Our bees could ſcarce keep wing, then fel ſuch raine,
It made our Colonie forſake the plaine,
And fly to garriſon, yet ſtill he ſtood
And 'gainſt the whole ſwarme made his party good,
And at each blow he gave, cryed out his vow,
His vow and *Arethuſa*, on each bough
And tender bloſſome he ingraves her name,
With his ſharpe ſting, to *Arethuſaes* fame
He conſecrates his actions, all his worth
Is only ſpent to character her forth.
On damaſke roſes and the leaves of pynes
I have ſeene him write ſuch amorous moving lines,

In *Arethuſaes* praiſe, as my poore heart
Have when I read them, envied her deſert,
And wept and ſighd to thinke that he ſhould be
To her ſo conſtant, yet not pitty me.
Areth. Oh. *Vla.* Wherfore ſigh you? *Areth. Amoratho.* Oh
My marble heart melts. *Vla.* What ſigh & weep you too?
Areth. Yes in meere pitty that your churliſh fate
Should for true love make you unfortunate.
Vla. I thanke you, what this *Arethuſa* is
I do not know, only my ſuit is this,
If you doe know this Bee, when you next meet him
(Hees labouring in that mead,) In my name greet him,
And tell him that I love him more, far more
Then *Arethuſa* can, nay I adore
His memorie ſo, that he ſhall be my Saint;
And when his tender limbs grow weak and faint,
Ile doe his labour and mine own, the ſpring
Being dry grows much unfit for labouring.
To prevent famine and a ſudaine dearth,
For his ſake Ile befriend the barren earth
And make it fruitful with a ſhower of tears,
In which Ile drowne his ſcorne and mine owne feares.
Areth. What have I heard? *Amoratho* pardon me,
For I have been (by much) too cruell to thee,
Yet (if as ſhe reports) *I* find thy heart
Bequeathd to *Arethuſaes* weake deſart
Nature ſhall worke a miracle ſo ſtrange,
All amorous Bee's ſhall wonder at my change.

Character

Character 7.

Parſimonius.—The gathering Bee.

THe thrifty Bee doth tantingly deride
The prodigall, inveighing gainſt his pride.

Speakers.

Parſimonius. Acolaſtes.

Par. THou art my kinſman, yet had not thy mother
Been conſtant to thy father, and none other,
I would have ſworne ſome Emperour had got thee.
Acol. Why ſo he might, let not opinion ſot thee.
Par. Suppoſe all Kingdomes in the world were bals
And ſtood'ſt with a Racket twixt foure walls
To toſſe *ad placitum*, how wouldſt thou play?
Acol. Why as with bals, bandy'em all away,
They gone play twice as many of the ſcore.
Par: A tennis Court of Kings could do no more
But (faith) what doſt thou thinke that I now thinke
Of thy this dayes expences? *Acol:* How in drinke,
Dice, drabs, and muſicke: why that it was brave.
Par. No, that thou art a proud vaine-glorious knave,
That teeming womb thy father left ſo full
Of golden iſſue, thou like a brainleſſe gull,
Haſt Viper-like eat through: oh here's trim ſtuffe,
A good mans ſtate in garters, roſe, and ruffe.

Acol.

Acol. How one mans ſtate? that beggar's wretched poor
That weares but one mans portion, Ile do more,
Had *I* my will, betwixt my knee and toe
Ide hang more pearle and diamonds then grow
In both the Indies, poore *Fucus* muſk my hoſe,
Match your old greaſie cod-piece. *Parc.* Let's not part
Ide have thee live in compaſſe. *Acol.* Foole ile be, (toes:
Like *Phebus* in the Zodiake, I am he
That would take *Phaetons* fall, tho *I* ſet fire
On the whole world, to be Heavens Charioter.
Par. Tha'ſt fir'd too much already, parks and chaſes
Have no part left of em ſave names of places.
Tha'ſt burnt ſo much, tha'ſt not one tree to fell,
To make a fire to warme thee by in hell.
Acol. Ile warm me by thy bones then. *Par.* Say and hold;
Want fire till then; thy luſt wil ſterve with cold:
Tis voic'd abroad too, that thy lands are ſold.
Acol. They are: what then? *Par.* And that the mony went
Towards great laſt proud entertainment.
Acol. Its a lye. *Par.* I thank you. *Acol.* But ſuppoſe it true
That I ſpent Millions, what's all that to you?
Had I for every day ith' yeare a friend,
For each houre in that yeare a myne to ſpend,
Ide waſt both Indies but ide feaſt em all.
Parſi. And ſterve thy ſelfe, ſtil a true prodigall:
What ſhould thy ſtewes have then? *Acol.* Out lazy droan,
Thou envieſt Bees with ſtings, 'cauſe thine is gone.
Plate, Iewels, treaſure, all ſhall flye. *Parſi.* They ſhall,
And then ſome dunghil give the burial. (cate.
Acol. No ile turn pickled thief. *Par.* what's that? *A.* A pit-
If gold keep houſe, a Sea or land Ile hate, As

As to feed ryot I the land did brave.
So ſcorning land, water ſhall be my grave.
Meane while the circle I've begun Ile run,
Should the Devill ſtand ith' Center, like the Sun
In his Meridian, my aſcent's divine.
The vanitie of all mankinde is mine.
In me all prodigalls looſenes freſh ſhall flow
Borrow and ſpend, ne'r look back what I owe,
Wine, Harlots, Surfeits, rich embroidered cloaths,
Strange faſhions, all ſins ſenſual, new coynd oaths
Shall feed and fill me, Ile feaſt every ſence.
Nought ſhall become me ill but innocence.
Parce. Farewel, I ſpie a wallet at thy backe.
Who ſpends all young, ere age comes, all ſhall lack.

Character 8.

Inamoratho. The Paſſionate Bee.

IN this, the Poet ſpends ſome art,
To character a lovers heart:
And for a ſigh, his love let fall,
Prepares a ſolemne funerall.

Speakers.

Chariolus. Arethuſa.

Char. OH *Arethuſa*, cauſe of my ſoules moving, (ving
Nature, ſave thee, hath no worke worth the lo-

For when ſhe faſhion'd thee, ſhe ſummon'd all
The Graces, and the Vertues Cardinall;
Nay the whole ſwarme of Bees came loaden home,
Each bringing thee a rich perfection;
And laid them up with ſuch Art in the hive,
Thy braine, as ſince that, all thy beauties thrive;
For being mixt at thy creation,
They made thee faire, paſt Art or imitation.
Aret. 'Tis he, is not your name *Chariolus?*
Son to our Mr. Bee? *Char.* What art that thus
Bluntly ſalut'ſt me? *Aret.* One that has to ſay
Somewhat to you from lovely *Arethuſa.* (well?
Cha. How doth ſhe? *Ar.* Well. *Cha.* Ill tutor'd Bee, but
The word's too ſparing for her, more than well;
Nay, more than excellent's an Epithite . . . . . .
Too poor for *Arethuſa.* *Aret.* This is right
As the Bee told me, Can ſhe better well (bell
Than with the Gods? *Cha.* The Gods? *Aret.* A paſſing
Proclaim'd her death, and the whole ſwarme of Bees
Mourn'd at her Herſe in ſable liveries:
Long ſhe lay ſick, yet would not ſend, till death
Knockt at lifes gate to fetch away her breath:
But juſt as he came in, goe thou (quoth ſhe)
Seek out *Chariolus*, greet him from me,
And pray him that he would no longer ſhroud
His faire illuſtrate ſplendour in a cloud,
For I am gone from the worlds vanities
Unto the Gods (a pleaſing Sacrifice)
Yet there I'll wiſh him well, and ſay, Good youth,
I bequeath nothing to him, but my truth.

And

And even as death arreſted her, ſhe cri'd,
Oh my *Chariolus*; ſo with a ſigh ſhe di'd.
Cha. So with a ſigh ſhe dy'd. *Ar.* What meane you, Sir?
I have told him like a fooliſh meſſenger,
What I ſhall firſt repent. *Cha.* Come, let us divide
Sorrowes and teares, for with a ſigh ſhe dy'd.
Aret. Nay then ſhe lives. *Cha.* 'Tis falſe, beleeve it not,
I'll have that ſigh drawne on a charriot
(Made of the bones of lovers, who have cri'd,
Beaten their breaſts, ſigh'd for their loves and dy'd)
Cover'd with azure-colour'd velvet; where
The ſun of her affections ſhall ſhine cleare,
In careleſſe manner, 'bout the canopie
Upon the Blew (in quaint embroyderie)
Arethuſa and *Chariolus* ſhall ſtand
As newly married, joyn'd hand in hand.
The charriot ſhall be drawne by milk-white Swans,
About whoſe comely necks (as ſtreight as wands,
In ſtead of reines, there ſhall hang chaines of pearle
As pretious as her faith was: The prime girle
That ſhall attend this charriot ſhall be Truth,
Who in a robe, compos'd of ruin'd youth,
Shall follow weeping, hanging downe the head,
As who ſhould ſay, My ſweet companion's dead.
Next ſhall the Graces march, clad in rich ſables,
With correſpondent hoods, 'bout which large tables
Of pearle and gold (in rich embroyderie)
Shall hang ſad motto's of my miſerie.
Aret. Oh no, my miſerie. *Cha.* Next theſe ſhall go
All *Arethuſa's* vertues in a row:

Her wiſedome firſt in plaine Abilliments
(As not affecting gawdy Ornaments)
Next them her chaſtity attir'd in white
(Whoſe chaſt eye ſhall her Epitaph indite)
Looking as if it meant to check deſire
And quell th'aſcention of the Paphian fire,
Next theſe her beauty, (that immortall thing)
Deckt in a robe that ſignifies the ſpring,
The lovelieſt ſeaſon of the quartered yeare,
Laſt ſhall her virgin modeſty appeare,
And that a robe, nor white nor red ſhall weare
But equallie participating both,
Call it a Maiden bluſh, and ſo the cloath
Shall be her Hieroglyphicke, on her eye
Shall ſit diſcretion, who when any ſpie
Would at that Caſement, (like a thiefe) ſteale in
Shall like her hearts true porter keep out ſinne.
Theſe ſhall be all chiefe mourners, and becauſe
This ſigh kild *Arethuſa*, here weel pawſe
And drop a teare, the tribute of her love,
Next this becauſe a ſigh did kill my Dove
(A good conceit, I pray forget it not)
At the foure corners of this Chariot
Ile have the foure windes ſtatued, which ſhall blow
And ſigh my ſorrowes out, above, below,
Into each quarter, then Sir, on the top
Over all theſe gawdy trim things, Ile ſet up
My Statue in jet, my poſture this
Catching at *Arethuſa*; my loſt bliſſe:
For over me by Geometrick pins
Ile have her hang betwixt two Cherubins,

As

As if they had ſnatcht her up from me and earth
(In Heaven to give her a more glorious birth)
The word this what ſhould vertue doe on earth?
This Ile have done, and when tis finiſh'd: All
That love come to my poor ſighs funerall.
Swell gall, break heart, flow tears like a full tyde,
For with a ſigh faire *Arethuſa* dy'd.

Areth. Rather then thus, your youthfull flames ſhould
Forget her thought and entertaine another. (ſmother,

Char. Oh never never with the Turtle dove
A ſigh ſhall beare my ſoule up to my love.

Character 9.

Pharmacopolis. The Quacksalving Bee.

THis Satyre is the Character
Of an impoſterous Quacksalver,
Who to ſteale practiſe and to vent
His drugs would buy a patient.

Speakers.

Senilis. Stewart. Pharmacopolis.

Sen. WHat's he? *St.* The party. *Sen.* How? what party (Sir?
Stew. A moſt ſweet rogue, an honeſt Quack-
That ſues to be your houſhold Pothecary, (ſalver:
Sen. What ſees he in my face that I ſhould buy

His drugs and drenches? my cheeke weares a colour
As freſh as his, and my veines channell's fuller
Of crimſon bloud than his; my well-knit joynts
Are all truſs'd round, and need no Phyſicall points.
Read the whole alphabet of all my age,
'Mongſt ſixtie letters ſhalt not find one Ach:
My bloud's not boyl'd with fevers, nor (tho old)
Is't iſicled with cramps, or dropſie cold:
I am healthfull both in body and in wits,
Coughs, rheumes, catarrhes, gouts, apopleptick fits:
The common ſores of age on me nere ran,
No *Galeniſt*, nor *Paracelſian*,
Shall ere read Phyſick lecture out of me,
Ile be no ſubject for anatomie.
Phar. They are two good artiſts, Sir. *Sen.* All that I know,
What the Creator did, they in part do,
A true Phyſitian's a man-maker too.
My kitchin is my Doctor, and my garden,
My college, Maſter, chiefe Aſſiſtant, Warden,
And Pothecarie, when they give me pils,
They work ſo gently, I'm not choak'd with bils,
Ounce, Drachma, Dram, the mildeſt of all theſe
Is a far ſtronger griefe than the diſeaſe.
Phar. Were't not for bils, Phyſitians might go make
Muſtard. *Sen.* I know't, nor bils, nor pils Ile take;
I ſtand on ſickneſſe ſhore, and ſee men toſt
From one diſeaſe to another, at laſt quite loſt:
But on that ſea of ſurfets where they're drown'd,
I never hoyſting ſaile am ever ſound.
Phar. How, ever ſound? were all our Gallants ſo,
Doctors and Pothecaries might go ſow Dow-

Dowlaſſe for ſaffron-bags, take leave of ſilk,
And eat greene chibbals, and ſowre butter-milk,
Would you know how all phyſick to confound?
Why 'tis done thus, keep but your Gallants ſound.
Sen. 'Tis their owne faults, if they 'fore ſprings or fals,
Emptying wine-glaſſes fill up urinals.
Man was made ſound at firſt; if he growes ill,
'Tis not by courſe of Nature, but free will:
Diſtempers are not ours; there ſhould be then,
Were we our ſelves, no phyſick, men to men
Are both diſeaſes cauſe, and the diſeaſe.
Thank Fate I'me ſound, and free from both of theſe.
Phar. Steward, my fiftie crownes, *Redde.* *St.* Not I.
Phar. Ile give you then a gliſter. *St.* Me Sir, why?
Phar. Ile tell your Maſter, Sir, tho youle take none,
Let me give your Steward a purgation.
St. Why, I am well. *Phar.* No, you are too hard bound,
And you muſt caſt me up the fiftie pound
I gave you in bribe-powder. *St.* Be patient.
Phar. Youle practiſe on me then. *Sen.* If this be true,
My health I ſee is bought and ſold by you:
A Doctor buys me next, whoſe Meſſe of potions,
Striking me full of ulcers; oyles and lotions
Bequeath me to a Surgeon; laſt of all
He gives me dyet in an Hoſpitall.
Then comes the Scrivener, and he draws my wil,
Thus ſlaves for gold their Mrs. ſell and kill,
Nay nay, ſo got ſo keepe it, for thy fifty
Take here a hundred, wee'l not now be thriftie,
But of ſuch artles Empiricks Ile beware,
And learne both when to ſpend &, when to ſpare. *Cha.*

Character 10.

Fenerator, Or the Vſuring Bee.

IN which the Foet lineats forth,
That bounty feeds deſert and worth:
Checks Counterfeits, inveighs gainſt Bribes,
And Fœnerators *neſt deſcribes.*

Speakers.

Dicaſtes. Servitor. Fenerator. Impotens.

Dicaſtes.

VVHat rings this Bell ſo lowd for? *Ser.* Sutors great (Bee
Cal for diſpatch of buſines. *D.* Say what they be-
Ser. Wrackt Fen-Bees, aged, lame, and ſuch as gaſpe,
Under late bondage of the cruell waſpe.
Dicaſt. Cheere them with hearty welcomes, in my chaire
Seat the Bee moſt in yeares, let no one dare
To ſend 'em ſad hence, will our Janitors
Obſerve them nobly, for the Marriners *Marryners*
Are clocks of danger, that doe ne'r ſtand ſtill, *Character*
But move from one, unto an other ill,
There dyals hand ſtil points to th'line of death,
And tho they have winde at will, they oft looſe breath.
Of all our Bees that labour in the mead,
I love them, for they earne the deareſt bread
That life can buy; when th'Elements make warre
To ruin all, they'are ſav'd by their good Starre.

And

And for the Gally-ſlaves, oh love that Bee,
Who ſuffers onely for pure Conſtancy,
What ſuiters that? *Fen.* A very ſorry one.
Dic. What makes thee ſorry? *Fene.* Pale affliction:
My hive is burnt. *Dic.* And why to me do'ſt come?
Fen. To beg a 100. pound: *Dic.* Give him the ſum.
Fen. Now the Gods: *Dic.* Nay nay, kneele not nor be
Faces are ſpeaking pictures, thine's a booke, (miſtooke:
Which if the proofe be truly printed, ſhowes.
A page of cloſe diſſembling: *Fen.* High Heaven knows.
Dic. Nay tho thou beeſt one, yet the mony's thine
Which I beſtow on Charity, not her ſhrine.
If thou cheat'ſt me; thou art cheated, and haſt got
(Beeing Licouriſh) poyſon from my Gally-pot
In ſtead of hony, thou art not my debtor:
I'me ne'r the worſe, nor thou (I fear) much better.
Who's next? *Ser.* A one leg'd Bee. *Dic.* Oh uſe him well.
Imp. Cannons defend me, Gunpowder of Hell!
Whom haſt thou blowne up here? *Dic.* doſt know him
Imp. Yes for the Kingdomes peſtilence, a fiend, (friend?
A moath takes up all petticoats he meets,
Eats Feather-beds, Boulſters, Pillows, Blanquets, Sheets,
And with ſale bills, lays Shirts and ſmocks abed,
In Linnen cloſe adulterie, and (inſtead (*A Broakers*
Of cloaths, ſtrows Lavender ſo ſtrongly on'em (*Character*
The owners never more can ſmell upon 'em.
This Bee ſucks honey from the bloomes of ſin.
Bee't nere ſo ranke or foule, he crams it in,
Moſt of the Timber, that his ſtate repairs,
He hew's out of the bones of foundred players,

They feed on Poets braines, he eats their breath.
Dic. Moſt ſtrange Conception, life begot on death?
Imp. Hee's a male powl-cat; a meere heart-bloud ſoaker,
'Mongſt Bees the Hornet, but with men a broaker.
Dic. Well Character'd, what ſcath has he done thee?
Imp. More then my legs loſſe: in one month eat three
Of my poore fry, beſides my wife; this Iew
Though he will eat no pork, eats Bees, tis true.
Dic. He told me, when I ask'd him why he mournd,
His hive, (and all he could call his) was burnd.
Imp. Hee's burnd himſelfe (perhaps) but thats no news,
For he both keeps, and is maintaind by th' ſtews,
He buyes their ſins, and they pay him large Rents
For a Long-lane of lowzy Tenements.
Built up in ſtead of Morter, Straw, and Stones
With poore-pawne-plaiſter, and ſterv'd debtors bones,
He may be fir'd, his rotten hives are not
To this Autume Woodſare, *Alias* Kingdomes rot
I pawnd my weapons, to buy courſe browne bread,
To feed my fry and me, being forfeited,
Twice ſo much money as he lent I gave,
To have mine armes againe, the griping ſlave
Swore not to ſave my ſoule, unleſſe I cood,
Lay downe my ſtump here, my poor leg of wood
And ſo hop home. *Dic.* Vnheard of villanie.
Ser. Is this true? *Fen.* I dare not ſay it's a lye.
Dic. And what ſaiſt thou to this? *Imp.* Nothing but (crave
Juſtice againſt this Hypocriticall knave,
This three-pile-velvet raſcall, widows decayer,
The poore fryes beggerer and rich Bees betrayer.

Let

Let him have Ruſſian law for all his ſins.
Di. Whats that? *Imp.* A 100. blowes on his bare ſhins:
Fen. Come home and take thine armes. *Imp.* Ile ha thy
Juſtice great Bee, tis a wrong'd cripple begs. (legs:
Dic. And thou ſhalt ha't: I told thee goods ill got
Would as ill thrive, my gift I alter not,
That's yours. But cunning Bee, you play'd the knave
To crave not needing, this poor Bee muſt have
His requeſt too, elſe juſtice looſe her chaire:
Goe take him in, and one his ſhins ſtript bare
In ready payment, give him a 100. ſtroakes:
Imp. Hew downe his ſhanks, as Carpenters fell Oakes.
Dic. Nor thinke me partiall, for I offer thee
A hundred for a hundred. *Imp.* Iuſt his vſury.
Dic. A hundred pound, or elſe a hundred blowes
Give him the gold, he ſhall releaſe you thoſe.
Fen. Take it and rot with't. *Imp.* Follow thee thy curſe:
Wud blowes might make all broakers thus diſburſe.

Character II.

Obron in Progreſſu. *Obron in Progreſſe.*

OBron his royall progreſſe makes,
To Hibla, *where he gives, and takes*
Preſents, and priviledges, Bees
Of worth he crownes with offices.

Speakers.

Obron. *Agricola.* *Paſtoralis.* *Flora.*

Obron. THe ſeſſions full to avoid the Heat,
In this coole ſhade each take his ſeate.
Agr. The winged Tenants of theſe Lawnes,
Deckt with bloomes, and downy pawnes,
Like Subjects faithfull juſt and true,
Bring *Obron* tribute. *Ob.* What are you?
Agr. A poor Bee that by *Obrons* will,
Firſt invented how to till
The barren earth, and in it throw
Seedes that dye, before they grow,
And beeing well read in natures booke,
Devi'sd Plow, Sickle, Sithe and hooke,
To weed the thiſtles, and ranke brakes,
From the good Corne: his voyage makes,
From *Theſſalie*, my native ſhrine,
And to great *Obron* all Divine

Submit

Submit my ſelfe. This wreath of wheat
(Ripend by *Apollos* heate)
My boſome fill'd with ears of corne;
To thee that wert before time borne
I freely offer. *Ob.* May thy field,
Loaden with bounty, profit yeeld,
May the roote proſper, and each eare,
Like a teeming female, beare
Aprill deluge, and *May* froſts,
Lightnings and Mildews fly thy Coaſts;
As thou in ſervice true ſhalt be
To *Obrons* Crowne and Royalty:
True baylife of our huſbandrie
Keepe thy place ſtill; the next: *Paſt.* A Bee,
That's keeper of King *Obrons* Groves,
Sheepreeve of his flocks and Droves,
His Goats, his Kids, his Ewes, and Lambes,
Steeres and Heyfers, Syres, and Dams,
To expreſſe homage at the full,
Greets *Obron* with this fleece of wooll.
Ob. May thy Ews in yeaning thrive,
Stocke and increaſe, ſtand and ſurvive,
May the Woodſare, Coſſe and rot
Dye, or living, hurt thee not,
May the Wolfe and wilie Fox
Live exil'd from thy Herdes and flocks;
Laſt, not leaſt, proſper thy Grove,
And live thou bleſt in *Obrons* love,
As thou in ſervice true ſhalt bee
To us and our high Royalty:

The next. *Vint.* High Steward of thy vines,
Taſter both of grapes and wines,
In theſe ripe cluſters that preſent
Full bountie, on his knees low bent,
Payes *Obron* homage, and in this bole
Brimm'd with grape bloud, tender tole
Of all thy vintage. *Obr.* May thy grapes thrive
In Autumne, and the roots ſurvive
In churliſh winter, may thy fence
Be proofe 'gainſt wild Bores violence:
As thou in ſervice true ſhalt be
To us and our high royaltie:
A femall Bee thy character?
Flo. Flora, Obrons Gardiner,
Huſwife both of herbs and flowers,
To ſtrew thy ſhrine, and trim thy bowers,
With Violets, Roſes, Eglantine,
Daffadowne, and blew Columbine,
Hath forth the boſome of the Spring
Pluckt this noſe-gay, which I bring
From *Eleuſis* mine owne ſhrine. (*Ita Scaliger.*)
To thee a Monarch all divine;
And as true impoſt of my grove,
Preſent it to great *Obrons* loye.
Obr. Honey deawes refreſh thy Meads,
Cowſlips ſpring with golden heads,
July-flowers, and Carnations weare
Leaves double ſtreakt with Maiden haire,
May thy Lillies taller grow,
Thy Violets fuller ſweetneſſe owe;

And laſt of all may *Phœbus* love
To kiſſe thee, and frequent thy Grove,
As thou in ſervice true ſhalt be
Unto our Crowne and Royaltie,
Keep all your places, well we know
Your loves, and will reward 'em too.
Agric. In ſigne that we thy words beleeve,
As well the birth-day as the eve
We will keep holy; Our winged Swaines,
Neither for pleaſure, nor for gaines,
Shall dare profane't, ſo lead away
To ſolemnize this holy day.

Character II.

Rexacillium. The high Bench Bar.

OBron in his Star-Chamber ſits,
Sends out Subpœna's, High Court Writs,
To th' Mr. Bee, degradeth ſome,
Frees others, all ſhare legall doome.

Speakers.

Obron, Fairies, Mr. Bee, Prorex, Veſpa, Hornet,
Humble Bee, Fucus or Droane.

Obr. NOw ſummon in our Mr. Bee,
With all his ſwarme, and tell him wee
Command our homage. *Fai.* He is come,
Roome for great *Prorex* there, make roome.

Obr.

Obr. What meanes this ſlackneſſe? *Pro.* Royall Sir,
My care made me a loyterer,
To bring in theſe tranſgreſſing Bees,
Who by deceits and fallacies
Cloath'd with a ſmooth and faire intent,
Have wrong'd me in my government.
Obr. The manner how? *Pro.* Theſe wicked three,
The Waſp, the Droane, and Humble Bee,
Conſpir'd like Traytors, firſt the Waſp,
Sought in his covetous paw to graſp
All he could finger, made the Sea
Not onely his monopolie;
But with his wing'd ſwarmes ſcowr'd the plaines,
Robbed and ſlew our wearie Swaines
Comming from work: The Humble Bee
(A flye as tyrannous as hee)
By a ſtrange yet legall ſtealth,
Non-ſuited Bees of all their wealth.
The Drone, a Bee more mercileſſe,
Our needy commons ſo oppreſſe,
By hoarding up, and poyſoning th'earth,
Once in three yeares hee'd make a dearth,
A needleſſe one, tranſporting more
To ſtrangers than would feed our poore,
At quarter day, if any lacks
His rent, he ceaze both honey and wax,
Throwing him out to beg and ſterve
For which. *Obr.* As they your ſelfe deſerve
Due puniſhment, for ſervants ſins
We commit their Maſters, Juſtice wins

More honour, and ſhines more compleat
In vertue, by ſuppreſſing great,
Than hanging poore ones; yet becauſe
You have beene zealous in our Lawes,
Your fault we pardon; for Delinquents
We have legall puniſhments:
Veſpa that pillag'd ſea and land,
Engroſſing all into his hand,
From all we baniſh, dead or alive,
Never ſhall *Veſpa* come in Hive;
But like a Pyrat and a Theefe,
Steale and pilfer his releefe:
Thou haſt fed ryots, luſts, and rapes,
And drawne vice in ſuch horrid ſhapes,
As very Horſe-flyes, had they knowne 'em,
For credits cauſe, yet would not owne 'em:
Th'aſt made thy Hive a Brothell, acted ſin
'Gainſt Nature, and the royaltie of kin,
So baſe, as but thy ſelfe none could invent:
They are all thine owne, and thou their preſident:
For which, as thou thy fame haſt loſt,
So be thine Armes and Titles croſt
From forth the roll of Heraldrie,
That blazons out true Gentrie,
Live ever exil'd: *Fucus*, you
That engroſt our Hony deaw,
Bought wax and honey up by th' great,
(Tranſporting it as ſlaves doe wheat)
Your Hive (with hony hid in trees
And hollow banks) our poore lame Bees

Shall ſhare, and even as *Veſpa* ſo
Unpatroniz'd live baniſht too.
Laſt, you that by your ſurly hum,
Would needs uſurp a Prætors roome,
Your chamlet gowne, your purple hood,
And ſtately phraſe ſcarce underſtood,
Or knowne from this our Mr. Bee,
Made th'ignorant think that you were hee,
And pay you reverence, for your hate
Toth' poore, and envie to our State,
We here degrade and let you fall
Toth' dunghill, your originall;
From Nettles, Hemlocks, Docks and weeds,
(On which your Peſant-linage feeds)
Suck your diet: to be ſhort,
Ne're ſee our face, nor haunt our Court.
Pro. And whither muſt theſe flyes be ſent?
Obr. To everlaſting baniſhment,
Underneath two hanging rocks, *Charact.*
(Where babbling *Eccho* ſits and mocks *Gehennæ.*
Poore Travellers) there lyes a grove,
With whom the Sun's ſo out of love,
He never ſmiles on't, (pale Deſpaire
Cals it his monarchall chaire)
Fruit halfe ripe, hang rivell'd and ſhrunk
On broken armes, torne from the trunk:
The mooriſh pooles ſtand emptie, left
By water, ſtolne by cunning theft
To hollow banks, driven out by Snakes,
Adders, and Newts, that man theſe lakes:

The moſſie weeds halfe ſwelter'd, ſerv'd
As beds for vermin hunger-ſterv'd:
The woods are Yew-trees, rent and broke
By whirle-winds, here and there an Oake
Halfe cleft with thunder, to this grove
We baniſh them. *All.* Some mercie, *Iove.*
Obr. You ſhould have cry'd ſo in your youth,
When *Chronos* and his Daughter *Truth* *Tempus.*
Sojourn'd amongſt you, when you ſpent
Whole yeares in ryotous merriment,
Thruſting poore Bees out of their hives,
Ceazing both honey, wax, and lives,
You ſhould have call'd for mercie, when
You impal'd common bloſſomes, when
In ſtead of giving poore Bees food,
You eat their fleſh and drunk their blood.
All. Be this our warning. *Obr.* 'Tis too late,
Fairies thruſt them to their fate:
Now *Prorex* our chiefe Mr. Bee,
And Vice-Roy, thus we leſſon thee,
Thy preterit errours we forgive,
Provided you hereafter live
In compaſſe, take againe your Crowne,
But make your ſubjects ſo your owne,
As you for them may anſwer. *Pro.* Sir,
(For this high favour you confer)
True loyaltie (upon my knee)
I promiſe both for them and mee.
Obr. Riſe in our love then, and that you;
What you have promis'd may purſue,

Chaste *Latria* I bestow
On you in Marriage, shee'le teach you how
Tit, to your selfe, fairer truth and time,
Boulvarch, and constant Chime,
To all your actions: Now adew,
Pr[illegible] shall againe renew
His [illegible] raigne: the massie world
Wi[illegible] in Glittering Orbes is hurld
[illegible] the poles the Lord of swee
Onely reserve our Royaltie,
Field musicke? *Obron* must away
For us our Gentle Fayries stay,
In the Mountain[illegible] the rocks
Wee'l hunt the [illegible] little Foxe,
Who destroy [illegible] feed,
And spoyle the N[illegible] where Turtles breed,
If *Vespa*, *Fucus*, or proud Error
Fright thy Bees, and be a terror
To thy Groves, 'tis *Obrons* will
As Out-lawes you them seize and kill,
Apollo, and the Muses dance;
Art has banish'd Ignorance,
And chas'd all flies of Rape and stealth
From forth our wing[illegible] Common-wealth.

FINIS.

122015